

"FOR" CODES REVEALED IN QUIZ

JAMES MC INERNEY IS DEAD

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 14.—Fellow Worker James McInerney, one of the Class War prisoners died in the prison hospital at Walla Walla Wednesday morning, Aug. 13, at 8:21 of a complication of tuberculosis and spinal meningitis. He had been confined since the Montezuma trial in 1919 for his part in defense of the I. W. W. hall from the attack by a mob of legionnaires on Nov. 11, 1919.

Fellow Worker McInerney was born in County Clare, Ireland. He was one of the passengers on the ill-fated Verona which was waylaid and fired upon by a broadcloth mob on Nov. 6, 1916. He was wounded by a shot fired from the dock. When the conspiracy to raid the hall in Centralia was hatched, he was pointed out by one of the future mobsters as "one of the damned I. W. W.'s we will have to run out of town." He called the abusive individual to account personally and asked him if he had any personal grievance against him. Needless to say, he was not attacked. Later, after the mob had done its work he was tortured in the Centralia jail in an effort to make him incriminate his fellow workers. In spite of the torture and with the rope placed by the cowardly jackals around his neck torturing the flesh, he made his famous "You can go to hell!"

McInerney was murdered by the capitalist class. A man of magnificent physique, his confinement, and thirteen years of prison fare wore down his physical resistance and caused his death. This is the first death to occur among the eight men originally sent to prison. The others are still there.

CALIFORNIA MILLS MAKE 10 PER CENT CUT

SUSANVILLE, Calif., Aug. 5.—The Lassen Lumber and Box company today made effective a 10 per cent reduction in wages of all its employees.

Officials of the company announced that the wage slash affected all of the company's employees, to the number of approximately 200.

A statement accompanying the announcement of the reduction attributed the slash to depreciation of the lumber market. The statement is the second to be announced by the lumber interests in California this week. The first was that of the Red River Lumber Company at Westwood, which put a 15 per cent wage cut in effect last Monday.

Officials of the latter company stated that the wage cuts would be made generally by lumber companies on the Pacific Coast.

HEAVY INFUX OF LABOR IN KIAMATH

KIAMATH FALLS, Ore., Aug. 14.—A heavy influx of labor from everywhere keeps the number of unemployed at a high figure. Announcements of railroad, power project and other construction being under way or contemplated have served to attract unemployed from other districts and out of all proportion to actual demand for labor.

JAMES MC INERNEY FUNERAL NOTICE

All fellow workers and friends who have autos are urged to get touch with Secretary Chas. Harmon, phone Main 9479, 512 1/2 Second Ave., if they are in a position to help in the funeral arrangements. By carrying one or more members or friends of the late Fellow Worker McInerney to attend his funeral at Centralia.

The funeral will be at the First & Reynolds Funeral Home in Centralia at 2 p. m. on Wednesday, Aug. 20th. Those wishing to attend will gather at the Labor Temple, 827 N. Tower Ave. in Centralia at 1:30 p. m. where they will form and proceed to the funeral parlors. James P. Thompson and Elmer Smith will speak at the services. All workers who can get there are urged to attend. As many as can be accommodated will be carried from the hall in Seattle by members who have cars.

Memories of James McInerney

By THE SPECTATOR.

McRae, do you remember the Irish boy into whose eyes you could not look, who was on the dock at Everett on the 5th of November, 1916? The Irish lad that lay on the dock with his head in his body that had been fired by one of your gunmen?



James McInerney

The fellow that laughed at your kicks and curses, despite the intense suffering he was undergoing, and who, politely told you to go to hell, when you asked his name? Surely you will recall him, for that scornful laugh of his must be ringing in your ears yet—

And, foreman Welch, you of logging camp fame, do you ever run your hand speculatively over your twisted jaw and call to mind the reason why it has that peculiar twist? Odd wasn't it, that a man of your hardboiled reputation should have had to have his jaw broken by a smiling eyed Irishman, before you could learn that it did not pay to call wobbles son's of-b-? It was tough, of you to be beaten by a man half your size, especially before the camp crew but you privately admitted that he was a real man. Too bad you were not man enough to admit as much publicly instead of making that blathering statement that somebody you would "get him." Well—

Then, too, we wonder if you, F. B. Hubbard and Warren Grimm, as you lie in your graves, and if there be such a thing as an after life, if you can screw up sufficient courage to face the little fellow whose lips could smile while blue eyes remained cold and dispassionate. The fellow whom you pointed out one day on the streets of Centralia as one of those damned I. W. W. agitators that had to be driven out of the country. You know how we mean, the fellow who overheard your remark and turned to ask you if you had any grievance to settle with him and also asked if you would be so kind as to tell such grievances to him personally. Yes, it would be nice to know what you are doing now if there is a hereafter, for this Irish fellow is now—

Livingstone, Cormier, Churchill, McCrary, Russell and Wilson are your faces blanched to a chalky whiteness these days? Are your hands inclined to tremble when you talk about Tower Avenue? Are you thinking of that nice new rope that was tied around an Irishman's neck on the night of November 11th, 1917? Remember, he was strung up there in the jail so high that the tips of his toes would barely touch the floor and he was left in that position throughout the entire night. And remember too, how often he was punched and kicked and cursed? Then there was that left eye that was swollen so badly that it was scarcely closed and that funny "smile" in his mouth where teeth had been knocked out and that nasty looking tear on his lower lip, made from the heavy boot. Then how odd he appeared in the gray light of the early morning after he had been cut down from his hanging perch: his head was twisted strangely to one side, the chin inclined in towards his chest. Surely, you must remember those little things, but if you don't you must of a certainty remember how you questioned him and demanded a confession from him for the crime you—
—were most guilty of and of how he forced a grin and told you all to go to hell? Strange, isn't it, how those little things stay with one and then after eleven years have passed they return with such force as to make one's face turn white and one's hands to tremble. But the Irish lad, he is not trembling, he—

And Mr. Wilson, you of the judicial frown and the black robe, is your heart rejoicing now? Do you feel that you have done your bit and in such a heroic way? Recall the letter you wrote one time about a little affair that happened in your town and of how you praised your heroes? Then recall that fellow with the blue eyes and the strangely twisted head who watched you out of quiet blue eyes during that long trial in Montezuma in the spring of 1920—well, that letter referred to him in part and that fellow took the illegal jolt you gave him with a smile and his eyes were telling you to go to hell, weren't they? You played your part well and now that laughing eyed Irishman—well HE'S DEAD. Aren't you glad, aren't all of you glad? The thing you did not dare to do in those earlier years has now been accomplished and you all played your part in bringing it about. I SHOUT AT YOU THAT YOU MAY HEAR, THAT YOU MAY DANCE AND SING AND PRATE ABOUT WHAT YOU DID TO THAT WOBBLY. Don't you wish you could have been there when he died? What, you don't? Oh, I understand, you are afraid those blue eyes would have smiled and the lips would have framed that stinging sentence, "GO TO HELL!"

Yes, Jim McInerney is dead. His death was brought about by his confinement in Walla Walla penitentiary where he contracted T. B. as a result of the wretched condition he was in from many beatings he had received at the hands and the behest of the lumber barons of Washington. Jim is dead and they rejoice but if a comparison was to be made of him and any of those who tortured him he would stand out as a Messiah would alongside of a little red ant. He was a man, a fighter and true to his last breath to the ideals he cherished and believed in.

Police Brutality at Minot, N. D.

"UNION" BRAKEMAN ACCUSES TWO MEN OF ASSAULTS AND VANISHES

Workers Are Arrested and Brutally Beaten Up By Local Police Chief and Motorcycle Officer. Third Degree Is Administered in Effort To Force False Confession.

MINOT, N. Dak., Aug. 7.—We arrived here today from New Rockford. There were three of us altogether, Bert Williams, delegate, Earle Gunn and myself, William Patton. Gunn and Williams were standing by the Soo Line trucks when they were arrested by a clown taken to the police station.

When I returned to where I had left my fellow workers, the law grabbed me too, all of us. He is a union man, and he told Gunn and Williams were taken before the chief of police, John Wagner. He called us to him several pet names and said he'd like to be sent to the Big House, but we knew to work on them. They were accused of "throwing" a man off a train coming out of the bunkhouse, which he did into Minot. The head brakeman of the (not) he would be committing perjury. Will train was the one who put the finger on Williams was beaten up unmercifully by the

chief in his office, and a half hour later was sauntered up by a motorcycle cop at the chief's orders. Gunn got beaten up once and upon my arrival I got the same. The third degree was administered in an effort to make us agree we were guilty. Needless to say they failed in their purpose and we were rushed to the judge.

This worthy gentlemen delivered a fiery sermon against wobbles, who accuse us of fighting the farmers, "the ones who give us our bread and butter," we "ought to be ashamed of ourselves" and so on. They continued us to thirty days for vagrancy after we had plucked our guilty. We figured we could save the organization money by not getting a lawyer, as thirty days is a mere sack up by a motorcycle cop at the tobacco to the prisoners here but there is a hole in the screen through which we get a cigarette once in a while. The judge, Cassius Cox, said that we, the I. W. W., were out of date up here and that he was a "gonna" teach us a lesson. Little does his moron mind realize that we are far

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BILLINGS UNDERGOES GRILLING AT FOLSOM BUT FEW NEW POINTS ARE BROUGHT OUT BY THE QUIZ

Frank Admission of Previous Career Fails To Involve Either Mooney or Billings in Any Connection With Bomb Outrage.

Special to Industrial Worker

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—The unique spectacle of a Supreme Court sitting within the walls of a penitentiary was enacted at Folsom Prison last night and today. Warren Billings was put under a merciless grilling to elicit information of his past activities. The entire energies of the official questioner, Judge Preston, were directed to establishing the fact of the guilt of the prisoner of previous crimes, even if he were not guilty of the crime of which he has been convicted. It was a desperate effort to justify the frame-up upon the grounds that the ends justified the means.

The most startling point brought out was the statement that Billings previous conviction in 1911 for carrying dynamite was the result of the suggestion of Edgar S. Hurley, former head of the A. F. of L. electrical workers, now serving as State Senator from Oakland. The prisoner admitted that he was hired to carry a suitcase containing unknown contents from San Francisco to Oakland by Hurley. He was to receive \$25 for the job. He admitted that the high free aroused his suspicions but that he did not investigate the contents of the suit case. He delivered the suit case to the rendezvous appointed and was there arrested by police planted there for that purpose. He was convicted. The implication is clear that this was a set piece arranged in the campaign of Detective Martin Hanson, of the P. G. & E. Co. in his campaign to "get" Mooney and Billings.

The reflection upon Hurley is denied by him but he evidently is in the good graces of the corrupt employing interests of San Francisco as evidenced by his political success. Capitalist interests in the California city do not favor labor politicians unless they serve some purpose useful to them. Hurley was exposed long ago by Fremont Older as a labor faker of the most pronounced type.

The examination brought forth nothing new that would have even remotely connected either Mooney or Billings with the Preparedness Day bombing of July 22, 1916. As the merciless grilling progressed, Billings frankly admitted his part in the bitter labor war of 1913-14. He admitted his activity as a labor spy in the shoe workers strike. But not a thing damaging to Mooney's case came out. Rather, the examination was a mere charade. Billings were caught in the subtle meshes of the traps and intrigues of the Employers' Association in their merciless and unprincipled way upon union labor during the period following the Schmitz and Ruff regime. That underground espionage and retaliatory coups were made by both sides in the labor war became apparent, but it was entirely false from any connection with the case under investigation. The indignation was all for the act of labor. High points of bomb were raised as a fall to point out the bad character of the witness. But not a sign of regret was breathed for the actions of the employers brought to light.

At one point in the interrogation Judge Preston asked:

"After following up this slimy trail, do you sit here and ask us to recommend a pardon for you?"

"I am innocent, and want honest justice," was Billings reply.

But the perjuries of Crowley, evidently procured by Detective Hanson, those of the Elmas, McDonald, Estelle Smith and many others, as well as the dynamite carrying episode that sent Billings to prison in 1913, all these were treated as mere accidents and mistakes made by honest citizens in their zeal to serve the state. And even if intentional, the "one justified the means." It was a queer exhibition of class codes of honor.

The editors asked our prison and jail, which hold men like a snare, then rise to applaud their Mammon god That puts men "over there."

J. Butler.

THE SEEKERS IN A SEATTLE DEPT. STORE

By The SPECTATOR.

All day long they come in an unending stream. Tall women, short women—old, young and middle aged. Some with the doll like faces procured only thru long usage of cosmetics, their lips and cheeks highly colored and their eyes accentuated at their every move. Others with careworn expressions, faces seamed with wrinkles that the best of cosmetics will never remove, hair that is grey tucked meticulously under hats to hide it from eagle eyed employment officers. A few walk with the erect carriage of a queen and appear to have every confidence in their youthful appearance securing them a job—they are new to the world of work and have not yet been rebuked. They have not yet felt the scorn of a world that wants no more employees. But the vast majority of the seekers are old, stooped, and their eyes are not hold. They bow their heads and would bend their knees if it was thought advisable for the privilege of selling their feeble power.

The line forms early in the morning and when closing time comes at evening there are still women there waiting their chance to get an employment application blank filled out. At a desk behind a new window-like structure a kindly faced girl passes out the card board applications methodically. She does not appreciate the drama of it all—she has never had to struggle for a job, has never had to pit her appearance and her youth in the open market against that of another. Her story to tell is the same: "Please fill out this application blank and return it to me. We will file it and phone you when your services are required. No, we do not need any help today. Hurry, please, they are waiting their turn behind you."

An occasional woman will insist on saying things, will insist on telling her story and demand preference over others. They will advance reasons without number and to hear them is a revelation. One lady was pregnant and had lost her husband. She had never had work for a month or so to insure her baby medical attention at its birth. Another was the sole provider for a family of nine and she had been without work for weeks, sustaining her self and her brood on what food she could retrieve from garbage cans. A third said she was without a shelter and had not eaten for three days. And so the stories were on, many were the same but all were heartrending. All day long they come, in an unending stream. Need we say more?

